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# STORM TROOP



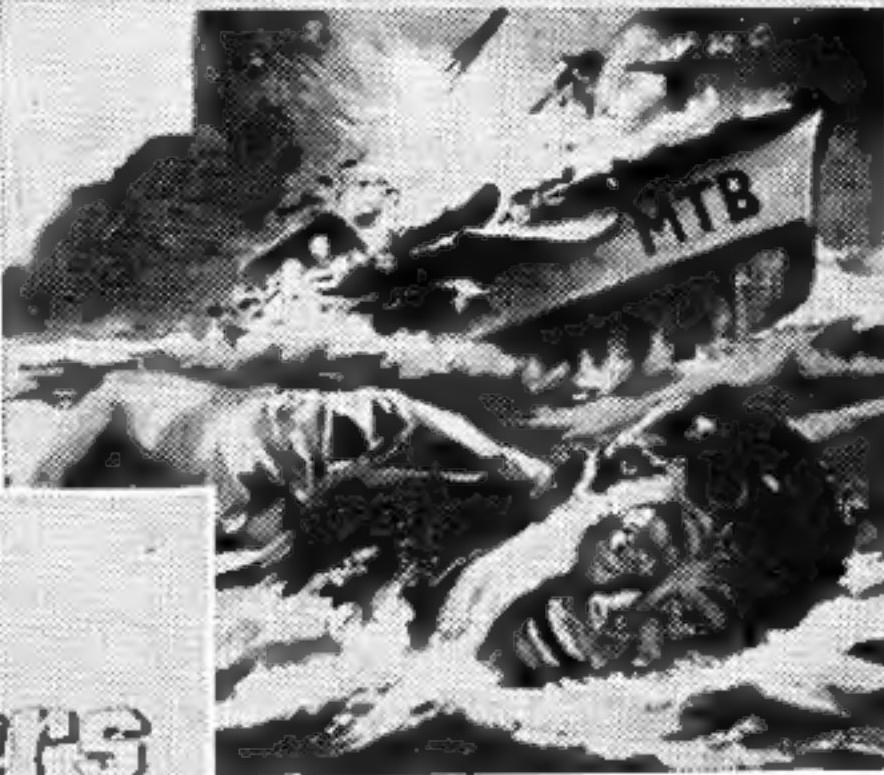
**LOOK!**  
THESE  
TWO  
TERRIFIC  
ISSUES  
**NOW**  
**ON**  
**SALE**



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# STORM TROOP

THEIR MISSIONS WERE LONELY, PERPETUAL DICE-GAMES WITH DEATH, AND THERE WERE MANY GAPS IN THEIR RANKS WHEN THEY RETURNED. BUT MEN WERE PROUD TO WEAR THE COVETED BADGE OF THE "SPEARHEAD" ...



"SPEARHEAD"--THE ADVANCED STRIKING FORCE--WAS A UNIT BORN IN THE MIND OF A MAN AS HE BATTLED HIS WAY TO FREEDOM FROM A PRISON CAGE. BUT BEFORE HE COULD GET HIS SCHEME UNDER WAY, HE HAD TO FIGHT ANOTHER GRUELLING STRUGGLE--AGAINST THE ENTRENCHED RESISTANCE TO NEW IDEAS SHARED BY THE "OLD GUARD" OF HIS OWN ARMY.

# Chapter 1. Dash for Freedom

THE GUARDS OF THE PERRINA PRISONER-OF-WAR CAGE HAD GROWN CARELESS, HAVING LOUNGED AROUND TOO LONG IN THE SICILIAN SUN. WHEN THE UPROAR BEGAN IN THE MAIN COMPOUND IT CAME AS A GREAT SHOCK TO THEM ...

MAMA MIA!  
TWO O'CLOCK IN  
THE MORNING ...  
WHAT A TIME TO  
START A ROW!



MAKING THEIR CIRCUIT OF THE OUTER PERIMETER OF THE CAGE, THE ITALIAN SENTRIES PASSED OVER A SMALL PATCH OF EARTH SEEMINGLY THE SAME AS ALL THE SANDY ROCK AROUND IT. BUT HARDLY HAD THE POUNDING BOOTS OF THE ITALIANS MARCHED ON THAN THE GROUND HEAVED OPEN IN THE HALF LIGHT.

ALL CLEAR,  
JOCK!

I'M RIGHT BEHIND  
YE, SIR! I'M  
THINKIN' IT WILL  
TAKE A GOOD MAN  
TO GET US BACK  
INSIDE THAT PLACE  
AGAIN!



## Storm Troop

NO ONE HAD YET SUCCEEDED IN GETTING CLEAR FROM PERRINA CAMP. THERE WAS NO COVER FOR DAYLIGHT ATTEMPTS AND THE POWERFUL SEARCHLIGHTS SOON PINPOINTED THOSE WHO TRIED TO REACH THE COVER OF THE SCRUBLAND BARELY HALF A MILE AWAY AT NIGHT.

WHY DO WE BOTHER WITH THESE MAD INGLESI! LET THEM FIGHT ALL NIGHT IF THEY WANT TO!



KEEP IT UP,  
CHUMS! THEY'VE  
NEARLY MADE IT...  
AND THE EYRIES  
DON'T SUSPECT  
A THING!

AS THE FAKE RIOT, STAGED TO DIVERT ATTENTION FROM THEIR ESCAPE, RAGED ON, LIEUTENANT MORRELL AND SERGEANT JOCK MACDONALD LAY FLAT UNDER THE THICK PROTECTION OF A SCRUB BUSH HALF A MILE AWAY...



# Storm Troop

THE TWO MEN WAITED MOTIONLESS IN THEIR HIDING PLACE UNTIL THE LAST SEARCHLIGHT BEAM HAD SNAPPED OFF INTO DARKNESS. THEN THEY SET OFF, HEADING FOR THE COAST. WHEN DAWN CAME, THEY STOOD LOOKING OUT OVER THE SEA ... THE GREATEST OBSTACLE IN THEIR JOURNEY TO FREEDOM.

WE SHOULD HAVE BEEN DOWN THERE BEFORE DAYLIGHT, JOCK! NOW EVERY ROAD WILL BE WATCHED!

AND EVERY BOAT, TOO, SIR! WE'D BETTER FIND A WEE HIDEIN' SPOT UNTIL TONIGHT!



AS THE HOT DAY PASSED, THEY LAY ON THE FRINGE OF A TOMATO FIELD WATCHING THE SEARCH PARTIES GO PAST ON THE WHITE, DUSTY ROAD CLOSE BY ...

THIS FOOL REFUSES TO SEARCH THAT FIELD, HERR LEUTNANT! HE'S AFRAID OF SPOILING A FEW PALTRY TOMATOES!



LET THEM GO, SERGEANT! CHASING UNARMED PRISONERS IS WORK FOR ITALIANS! WE SHALL KEEP OUR ENERGY FOR FIGHTING!



THE NAZI LEUTNANT WAS IN NO HURRY. HE LITTLE REALISED THAT THE TWO MEN HE SOUGHT WERE CLOSE AT HAND ... AND WOULD BE EVEN CLOSER BEFORE MANY SECONDS HAD PASSED.

LISTEN, JOCK, IT MAY BE SOME DAYS BEFORE THE HUE AND CRY EASES OFF, AND I DON'T FANCY THIS FIELD AS PERMANENT LODGINGS. I'VE AN IDEA -- FOLLOW ME!



AS THE NAZI OFFICER TURNED TO ENTER THE CAR, MORRELL'S BRAWNY ARMS WERE ALREADY ROUND HIS NECK. JOCK THREW A HANDFUL OF DUST INTO THE GERMAN SERGEANT'S EYES...

UGH!



6

# Storm Troop

THE ENGLISHMAN AND THE SCOT HAD SERVED A HARD APPRENTICESHIP IN THE DESERT WAR. THE TWO NAZIS WERE STRIPPED OF THEIR UNIFORMS, TRUSSSED AND BUNDLED INTO THE BACK OF THE CAR . . .

THIS ISN'T GOING TO LOOK EXACTLY SAVILLE ROW, JOCK! MAKE SURE YOU HIDE THOSE TWO KRAUTS WITH THAT CAR RUG.



EVEN MORRELL WAS AMAZED AT THE EASE WITH WHICH HE COULD COMMANDER SUPPLIES, MASQUERADEING AS A NAZI OFFICER. MEN DID NOT ASK FOR PAYMENT WHEN THE FUEHRER'S MEN DEMANDED .

SEND YOUR BILL TO H.Q.! THOUGH WHY WE SHOULD PAY YOU FOR SUCH CATTLE FODDER I DON'T KNOW!

BARBARIAN TEDESCHI! CATTLE FODDER! AND THEY HAVE EATEN THE BEST WE HAVE!





FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS THEY LIVED THE PART OF RUTHLESS ARROGANT NAZIS. THEN MORRELL DECIDED THE TIME HAD COME TO TACKLE THE PROBLEM OF GETTING A BOAT ...

THAT'S OUR MAN, JOCK! THE ONE WITH THE AMERICAN-LOOKING WIND-CHEATER. HE MAY SPEAK ENGLISH!

ONLY THE MAN IN THE WIND-CHEATER MOVED AS MORRELL SPOKE. THE REST SAT RIGID WITH FEAR AND DISTRUST.



I THINK YOU SPEAK THE TRUTH, MY FRIEND, BUT NO-ONE HERE WILL HELP YOU...THE GESTAPO ARE BRUTAL TO THOSE SUSPECTED OF BEING FRIENDLY WITH THE ENEMY!

AND IF WE DECIDE TO HELP OURSELVES?



HIS CONFIDENCE FLOODING BACK, THE ITALIAN GRINNED CYNICALLY INTO MORRELL'S ANXIOUS FACE ...

WITHOUT ONE OF ~~US~~ YOU WOULD NOT GET THREE MILES FROM THE LAND, AND ONLY ONE BOAT HERE CAN MATCH THE NAVAL PATROLS FOR SPEED! IT IS MINE -- AND IT WOULD COST YOU PLENTY TO HIRE IT!

NAME YOUR PRICE... AND HAVE YOUR BOAT READY FOR THIS TIME TOMORROW NIGHT!



# Storm Troop



EARLY NEXT DAY, THE PAY CLERKS AT THE ITALIAN MILITARY HEADQUARTERS IN THE TOWN WERE SURPRISED BY THE VISIT OF A BRUSQUE NAZI LEUTNANT AND HIS SERGEANT.

YOU WOULD DARE TO QUESTION THE SIGNATURE OF A GERMAN OFFICER! HAVE YOU IDLE, COWARDLY ITALIANS NO GRATITUDE FOR WHAT WE HAVE DONE FOR YOU?

A THOUSAND APOLOGIES, HERR LEUTNANT. IT IS AN HONOUR TO PAY OUT THIS MONEY TO YOU!



## Storm Troop

AS THEY LEFT THE CASHIER'S OFFICE WITH THE MONEY, JOCK MACDONALD HAD A SUDDEN URGE TO RUN FOR IT. BUT THE COOL SWAGGER OF LIEUTENANT MORRELL RESTRAINED HIM.



WITH THE CASH SAFELY IN HIS HANDS, GILLO, THE SICILIAN WHO HAD BEEN TO NEW YORK, GOT THINGS MOVING QUICKLY.



## Storm Troop

A PART OF THE MONEY MORRELL HAD OBTAINED HAD GONE TO MAKE SURE THAT NO QUESTIONS WERE ASKED BY THE ITALIAN NAVAL PATROLS. THEY WERE WELL USED TO THE NOCTURNAL ACTIVITIES OF GILLO ...



MORRELL ANXIOUSLY SCANNED THE DARK HORIZON, BUT THERE WAS ONLY THE FAINTLY LUMINOUS SPARKLE OF THE WATER AS THE SHARP BOWS SLASHED INTO THE CALM SEA...



SUDDENLY, MOMENTS LATER, THEY WERE BLINDED  
BY A POWERFUL BEAM OF LIGHT ...



BUT THE COMMANDER OF THE BRITISH FRIGATE WHICH PICKED THEM UP  
WAS CONVINCED HE HAD CHANCED UPON SOME SUBTLE PIECE OF NAZI  
ESPIONAGE. HE SANK THE MOTOR BOAT AND SET COURSE FOR BASE  
WITH MORRELL AND HIS FRIENDS PRISONERS ...



IT WAS THEN THAT THE FIRST GLIMMERING IDEA OF "SPEARHEAD" BEGAN TO DAWN ON LIEUTENANT MORRELL ...



MORRELL WAS SO WRAPPED UP IN HIS THOUGHTS THAT HE DID NOT EVEN HEAR THE SCOT'S JAUNDICED REPLY.



## Storm Troop

IMAGINE! A GROUP OF SPECIALLY TRAINED MEN, THE ENEMY'S FOOD, WEAPONS AND AMMO THERE FOR THE TAKING, JUST ROAMING AROUND CREATING HAVOC BEHIND GERMAN LINES!

SAPRISTI! NOW I KNOW THE INGLES ARE MAD! HE IS JUST OUT OF DANGER AND HE WANTS TO GET RIGHT BACK IN AGAIN!



THE CURIOUS SPECTATORS WHO WATCHED THE ODD TRIO DISSEMBARK THE FOLLOWING DAY COULD NOT REALISE THE SURGING EXCITEMENT IN THE MIND OF THE TALL MAN IN THE NAZI LEUTNANT'S UNIFORM.

...THE ADVANCED STRIKING FORCE -- NO -- SPEARHEAD -- THAT'S AS GOOD A NAME AS ANY!



IN MORRELL'S MIND THE TASK FORCE WAS ALREADY FORMED AND READY TO GO. BUT THERE WERE TO BE SOME STORMY SCENES AND ARGUMENTS BEFORE A RELUCTANT AUTHORITY AGREED ...

## Chapter 2. Reluctant Volunteers

LIEUTENANT MORRELL CAME BACK FROM LEAVE WITH A NEW OUTFIT AND AN ITCH TO TRY OUT HIS IDEA BUT STRAIGHTWAY HE RAN INTO HIS FIRST OBSTACLE. THIS WAS HIS NEW C.O., COLONEL WYNN-GATE, AN OFFICER OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

"YOU'LL BE A  
WELCOME ADDITION TO  
OUR RANKS, LIEUTENANT.  
MAYBE YOU'RE NOT A  
REGULAR, BUT WE'LL  
JUST HAVE TO MAKE  
DO, EH?"



MORRELL FELT A TWINGE OF DISAPPOINTMENT AS HE SIZED UP THE COLONEL. BUT HE WAS IMPATIENT TO GET MOVING.

"SOME OF US HAVE  
IDEAS NOW AND AGAIN,  
SIR! I'VE BEEN PLANNING  
A NEW TYPE OF UNIT!  
WITH THIRTY MEN AND  
THE MINIMUM OF  
EQUIPMENT WE CAN..."



THE COLONEL LISTENED IN STUNNED SILENCE FOR FIVE MINUTES. THEN HE THUMPED THE DESK HARD .. AND REPLIED ...

I HAVE NEVER HEARD SUCH SCATTERBRAINED BALDERDASH IN MY LIFE, MORREL. WE HAVE STAFF OFFICERS -- **REGULAR** OFFICERS -- TO DO THE PLANNING IN THIS ARMY. CONFINE YO'RSELF TO YOUR DUTIES, MAN !



IN THE BUSTLE AND PREPARATION FOR THE INVASION OF THE ISLAND OF SICILY, IT SEEMED IMPOSSIBLE THAT MORRELL'S PLAN WOULD EVER BE HEARD BY ANYONE IN REAL AUTHORITY.

WHAT A CARRY ON! IN AND OUT THE PERISHIN' WATER ALL DAY...AND WE HAVE TO POLISH ALL BRASS AND METAL EQUIPMENT IT'S BARMY!



THE BRIGADIER WAS INSPECTING THE COLONEL'S BATTALION ... AND THE COLONEL'S OLD-FASHIONED SPIT-AND-POLISH IDEAS WERE TO BE OF GREAT HELP TO LIEUTENANT MORREL.

AS HE PASSED THE BRIGADIER AND THE COLONEL, MORRELL OVERHEARD A FRAGMENT OF THE CONVERSATION.

I THOUGHT WE'D LEARNED THAT IT'S NO GOOD SENDING MEN INTO ACTION WITH POLISHED EQUIPMENT, COLONEL ... THEY'RE A SITTING TARGET FOR ENEMY SNIPERS!



FROM THE HARD GLINT IN THE BRIGADIER'S EYES, THE COLONEL SENSED IT WOULD NOT BE WISE TO ADMIT THAT THE "BULL" HAD BEEN LAID ON FOR HIS BENEFIT.

EARLY NEXT MORNING, MORRELL WAS WAITING FOR THE BRIGADIER. HE WAS BREAKING EVERY RULE IN THE BOOK SHORT-CIRCUITING THE CHAIN OF COMMAND, BUT HE WAS GAMBLING ON HIS JUDGMENT OF THE SENIOR OFFICER'S CHARACTER.

GOOD MORNING.  
LIEUTENANT MORRELL,  
ISN'T IT?

MAY I HAVE FIVE  
MINUTES OF YOUR  
TIME, SIR... PLEASE  
HEAR ME OUT...



THE BRIGADER WAS BY NO MEANS THE TYPICAL MILITARY MIND. HE WAS AN OXFORD DON, WHO HAD PROVED HIS BRILLIANCE UNDER WAVELL IN THE DESERT DAYS. HE HEARD MORRELL'S SCHEME ... AND NODDED ...

LIEUTENANT, I THINK YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING! BUT DON'T BE TOO OPTIMISTIC ... THE OLD BRIGADE STILL CARRY A LOT OF WEIGHT IN HIGH QUARTERS!



THERE WAS A LIGHT OF ENTHUSIASM IN THE STAFF OFFICER'S EYE WHICH MATCHED THAT OF MORRELL.

THANK YOU, SIR. IF YOU CAN GET THE OKAY, WE WON'T LET YOU DOWN!

I'LL DO MY BEST TO HELP MORRELL. BUT DON'T COUNT YOUR CHICKENS - YOU MAY FINISH UP ON YOUR COLONEL'S CHARGE SHEET YET!



IT WAS A WEEK BEFORE THE GRUDGING ASSENT OF THE GENERAL WAS GIVEN ...

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, HOWARD, YOU WIN! BUT I WARN YOU, ANYTHING AMISS AND IT'S ON YOUR SHOULDERS! FURTHERMORE, YOU CAN HAVE THE JOB OF PLACATING MORRELL'S COLONEL.



BUT THE COLONEL'S INDIGNATION AT BEING BY-PASSED BY A MERE LIEUTENANT WAS NOT TO BE SMOOTHED OVER BY SOFT WORDS FROM A BRIGADIER. THE COLONEL STILL HAD FRIENDS AND HE WAS PREPARED TO USE THEM ..

... SO TOMORROW THEY'LL BE ASKING YOU FOR A COUPLE OF DOZEN TOUGH RANKERS TO VOLUNTEER FOR SPECIAL DUTY BEHIND THE ENEMY LINES WITH THIS CHAP MORRELL !

I'VE GOT A FEW TROUBLESONE CHARACTERS I'VE BEEN WANTING TO UNLOAD FOR SOME TIME ! LEAVE IT TO ME !

THE COLONEL OF THE RESERVE BATTALION KEPT HIS WORD, AS MORRELL FOUND OUT WHEN HE RETURNED FROM A VISIT TO SUPPLY HEADQUARTERS.

AYE, THE VOLUNTEERS HAVE ARRIVED, SIR ! AND A ROUGHER BUNCH OF LAYABOUTS YOU'VE YET TO SEE !

# Storm Troop

AS SERGEANT MACDONALD INTRODUCED EACH MAN BY NAME, MORRELL FUMED AT THE TRICK THAT HAD BEEN PLAYED ON HIM.

ELLISON, SMITH  
AND CORBETT,  
SIR ...

EVERY MAN JACK OF THEM  
LOOKS AS IF HE'S DONE SIX  
MONTHS' HARD LABOUR!  
THEY CERTAINLY SCRAPED  
THE BOTTOM OF THE  
BARREL FOR ME!



BUT THE WORST SPECIMENS WERE AT THE END OF THE LINE ...

TINY PRODGER AND TICH  
WATERS, EH? TEN TO ONE  
WE'LL HAVE MORE TROUBLE  
WITH THOSE TWO THAN THE  
REST PUT TOGETHER!



SOME OF THE MEN WERE GLAD OF A CHANGE FROM THE DULL ROUTINE OF ORDINARY ARMY LIFE AND PITCHED INTO THEIR TRAINING WITH SPIRIT. BUT SOME OF THEM WERE SHIRKERS AND PRODGER AND WATERS WERE THEIR NATURAL RINGLEADERS.



LATER THAT DAY, THE GROUP WAS PRACTISING ROCK-CLIMBING. ONCE AGAIN JOCK MACDONALD FOUND PRODGER AND WATERS TRYING TO DOODGE THE COLUMN ...



## Storm Troop

THREATENINGLY,  
PRODGER ROSE  
TO HIS FEET AND  
STRODE TOWARDS  
SERGEANT  
MACDONALD.

YEAH! I RECKON I WILL,  
TICH! OUR DEAR SERGEANT  
HAS HAD THIS SALUTE  
COMIN' TO HIM!

CUT IT OUT,  
PRODGER!

BUT BEFORE JOCK MACDONALD COULD SAY ANOTHER WORD, PRODGER'S  
HUGE FIST HAD SMASHED INTO HIS FACE, KNOCKING HIM BACKWARDS.

I WAS SOLDIERIN' WHEN  
YOU WERE IN SHORT  
PANTS, MACDONALD;  
THIS'LL TEACH YOU!

SURE -- IF YOU  
RECKON TINY AND  
ME ARE SCARED OF THE  
GLASSHOUSE, YOU'RE  
OFF YOUR NUT!

FROM THE CLIFF TOP, MORRELL HAD SPOTTED THE TROUBLE. AS SERGEANT MACDONALD STARTED TO LEVER HIMSELF UP FROM THE SAND, THE PLATOON COMMANDER WAS SLIDING DOWN THE FINAL FEW FEET OF THE ROPE.

POOR OLD SARGE, HE SEEMS TO HAVE HAD AN ACCIDENT!

YEAH, I SEEN IT PRODGE -- HE TRIPPED IN THE SAND AND HURT HIS MOUTH.



THE TWO MEN SWIVELLED AROUND AS MORRELL'S VOICE RASPED OUT ...

HELP SERGEANT MACDONALD TO HIS FEET, WATERS! NOW, PRODGER -- I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE AFTER -- YOU'RE TRYING TO GET COURT MARTIALLED OUT OF THIS UNIT. BUT I'M NOT GOING TO GIVE YOU THE CHANCE!



MORRELL FELT A COLD LOATHING FOR THE BULLYING PRIVATE.

WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT, YOU'RE GOING TO STICK WITH THIS UNIT, PRODGER -- BUT FIRST OF ALL I'M GOING TO SETTLE A SCORE. FOR THE NEXT FIVE MINUTES, FORGE T I'M AN OFFICER !



THE BACK OF MORRELL'S HAND CRACKED SHARPLY ACROSS PRODGER'S FACE.

PRODGER LEAPED FORWARD WITH HIS MASSIVE ARMS FLAILING THE AIR. THERE WAS WILD HATRED IN HIS EYES.

STUPID LOUT! HE'S LEFT HIMSELF WIDE OPEN! IT'S LIKE HITTING A BARN DOOR!



MORRELL LITHELY DODGED THE CRUSHING BLOWS AND IN A SPLIT SECOND THE UNGAINLY BODY OF HIS OPPONENT FLEW GROTESQUELY THROUGH THE AIR .



AS PRODGER SHAMBLED TO HIS FEET, MORRELL APPLIED A PAINFUL ARM LOCK ..

AAAAARGH!

THIS IS JUST THE START, PRODGER !



THE HARD EDGE OF MORRELL'S HAND CHOPPED DOWN  
ON A NERVE CENTRE IN PRODGER'S BEEFY ARM ...



THREE TIMES, THE HAND SWEEPED DOWN  
UNTIL THE BIG MAN CRUMPLED, HIS  
ARM HALF-PARALYSED ...

I'D REALLY GIVE YOU  
THE TREATMENT, PRODGER,  
EXCEPT FOR THE FACT THAT  
A BIG APE LIKE YOU MIGHT  
COME IN HANDY WHERE  
WE'RE GOING, IF ONLY FOR  
CARRYING AMMO!



WITH A CONTEMPTUOUS GESTURE, THE PLATOON COMMANDER PITCHED THE TERRIFIED BULLY AT THE FEET OF THE MEN WHO HAD DRIFTED ACROSS TO WITNESS THE FIGHT.



MORRELL WAS SURPRISED HOW QUICKLY THE UNIT REACTED TO THE EXAMPLE HE HAD MADE OF PRODGER. WITHIN A MATTER OF DAYS THE ATMOSPHERE WAS DIFFERENT...

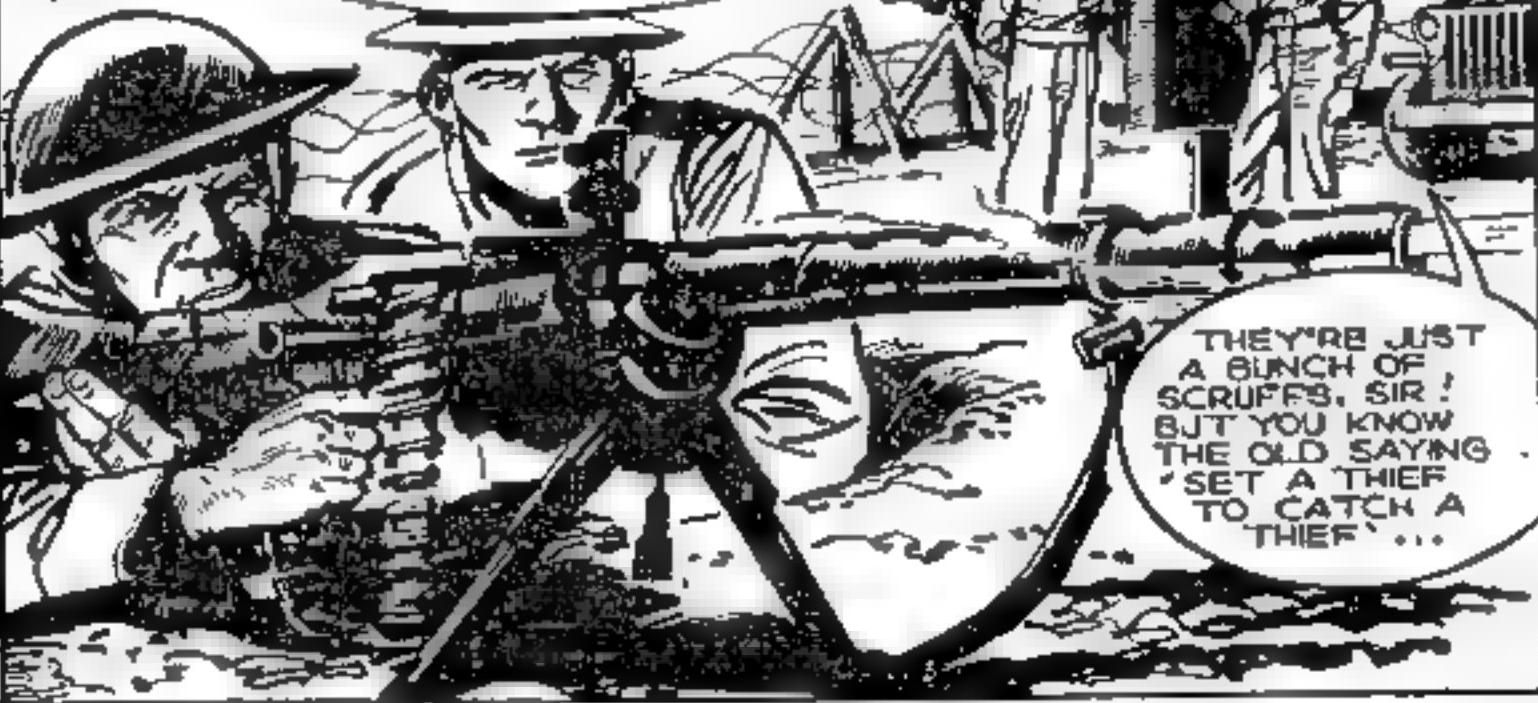
I'VE GOT 'EM ON A SCROUNGING TEST FOR A DAY OR TWO, SIR ! WITH WATERS TO GUIDE THEM THEY'RE DOING WELL -- EVEN IF THEY'RE NOT VERY POPULAR WITH THE LOCALS !



HAVING BACKED MORRELL ALL THE WAY, THE BRIGADIER WAS JUST AS ANXIOUS AS THE JUNIOR OFFICER TO SEE THE EXPERIMENT SUCCEED.

GOOD IDEA -- TRAINING THEM TO USE JERRY WEAPONS, MORRELL! THEY'RE GETTING DOWN TO IT WELL, BUT I HEARD YOU'D BEEN SENT A BUNCH OF NO-GOODS!

THEY'RE JUST A BUNCH OF SCRUFFS, SIR! BUT YOU KNOW THE OLD SAYING 'SET A THIEF TO CATCH A THIEF' ...



THE BRIGADIER UNFOLDED A MAP ACROSS THE BONNET OF THE JEEP.

WE'VE GOT A JOB FOR YOU, LIEUTENANT! NOT THE ROVING MISSION YOU EXPECTED, BUT A JOB THAT **MUST** BE ACCOMPLISHED!



IT'S THREE DAYS TO ZERO HOUR FOR THE BIG ATTACK ON SICILY! I WANT YOUR UNIT TO KNOCK OUT THREE ARTILLERY BATTERIES WHICH WOULD PROVE A MENACE TO THE MAIN ASSAULT!



SPEARHEAD WON'T LET YOU DOWN, SIR!

## Chapter 3. Rough Landing

THE BLUE SIGNAL LIGHT OF THE NAVAL ESCORT GRADUALLY GREW FAINTER IN THE BLACK, HEAVING SICILIAN SEA. THE "SPEARHEAD" UNIT WAS ON ITS OWN !

WHAT A START, JOCK ! HALF AN HOUR AFLOAT IN THIS SEA AND SOME OF THESE GLOKES WON'T BE IN ANY STATE TO FIGHT.

OCH ! THEY'LL BE SO GLAD TO GET ON DRY LAND THERE'LL NOT BE ENOUGH NAZIS IN SICILY TO PUSH 'EM BACK ON THE WATER AGAIN !

SURE ENOUGH THE PITCHING OF THE SMALL BOAT WAS HAVING ITS EFFECT ON MORRELL'S BAND ...

COR, SUFFERIN' CATFISH ! I'D HAVE GONE OVER THE WALL IF I'D KNOWN WHAT IT WAS GOING TO BE LIKE !

SUDDENLY, WITH A SICKENING CRUNCH, THE SMALL BOAT GROUNDED INTO A PARTIALLY-SUBMERGED ROCK. WATER BOILED INTO THE CRAFT.



THE  
BOTTOM'S  
TORN OPEN!

EVERY MAN  
FOR HIMSELF...  
LEAVE THE  
HEAVY KIT!

IN THE ROUGH SEA IT WAS A NIGHTMARE JOURNEY TO THE SHORE. MORRELL WATCHED THE WET GROUP OF MEN AS THEY STAGGERED ASHORE. THEY WERE COLD AND DEMORALISED, THEIR WEAPONS WERE GONE, AND THEY HAD SEEN FOUR OF THEIR COMRADES DIE IN THE MERCILESS, POUNDING SURF.



GET UP  
UNDER THE  
CLIFFS, THERE'S  
MORE SHELTER  
THERE!

AS HE JOINED THE MEN AT THE CLIFF BASE, MORRELL COULD SENSE THE REBELLIOUS ATMOSPHERE.

THERE'S NO TIME FOR INDULGENCE ON WHAT WENT WRONG! REMEMBER, WE WERE TRAINED TO FIGHT AND SURVIVE BEHIND THE ENEMY LINES... NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO PROVE IT!



AS MORRELL BRIEFED THE MEN, SERGEANT MACDONALD SCRAPPED THE GROUND THOUGHTFULLY WITH HIS BOOT. HE SUDDENLY STIFFENED AS HE STARED DOWNWARDS.

THAT'S CONCRETE!  
AND THE ONLY  
PEOPLE TO USE  
CONCRETE ON THIS  
BEACH WOULD BE  
THE MILITARY!



A SUDDEN SIXTH SENSE WARNED JOCK MACDONALD. WARILY HE RAISED HIS HEAD...

JOCK FOUND HIMSELF LOOKING STRAIGHT INTO THE PANIC-STRICKEN FEATURES OF PRIVATE GANNINO, AN UNWILLING PARTICIPANT AND ALLY IN THE AXIS CAUSE.

INGLESI!  
THEY HAVE  
COME AT  
LAST!

WE'RE  
STANDING RIGHT  
UNDER A BLOCK  
HOUSE!

ONE LONG AGONISING MOMENT OF INDECISION, THEN  
THE SERGEANT'S COLD LIMBS WERE IN ACTION.

JOCK MACDONALD'S ARM SHOT THROUGH THE APERTURE IN  
THE PILL BOX, GRABBING THE ITALIAN BY HIS COLLAR.

MAKE IT  
FAST!

GET HIM FROM  
BEHIND WHILE  
I HANG ON TO  
HIM!

IN THE LIGHT OF A TORCH, PRIVATE GANNINO TREMBLED WITH FEAR AS THE DESPERATE FACES OF THE ENGLISHER RINGED HIM IN.

BUT I TELL YOU /  
I AM ALONE HERE /  
IT IS THE GERMANS  
IDEA OF A JOKE -- TO  
PUT ME ON DUTY  
ON SUCH A NIGHT !

IT'D BETTER  
BE THE TRUTH !  
NOW GET  
MOVING - LEAD US  
TO THE GUN  
REPLACEMENT !

TEN MINUTES LATER, PRIVATE GANNINO TURNED  
A SCARED FACE TO THE ENGLISHMAN WHO  
CROUCHED CLOSE BEHIND HIM ...

THIS IS  
IT, SIGNORE !  
C...CAN I GO  
NOW ?

SURE, GANNINO,  
YOU CAN GO INSIDE  
FOR A CHAT WITH  
YOUR NAZI PALS .

## Storm Troop



THE TWO NAZIS LEFT ON GUARD DUTY DID NOT KNOW WHETHER TO BE AMUSED OR ANNOYED BY THE GABBLING ITALIAN.



THE TWO GERMANS WERE VETERANS OF ROMMEL'S AFRICA KORPS. THEY NO LONGER HAD ANY RESPECT FOR THEIR ALLIES.



THE GERMAN HAULED THE FRIGHTENED ITALIAN TO THE DOORWAY AND SHOVED HIM OUT IN THE DARKNESS OUTSIDE HE COULD NOT SEE THE FACES ALL ROUND HIM.



## Storm Troop

JOCK MACDONALD SENT THE FIRST NAZI GUARD THUDGING TO THE EARTH HIS COMRADE FOUND HIMSELF LOOKING INTO A SCHMEISSER MUZZLE.



ONE SOUND  
AND IT WILL BE  
YOUR LAST!

IN THE SILENCE THAT FOLLOWED, THE SHAKEN ITALIAN WHISPERED THE INFORMATION THAT MORRELL NEEDED...



WATCH  
EVERY WINDOW,  
AND EXIT, JOCK!  
I'LL TAKE TWO  
MEN WITH  
ME!

MORRELL LED HIS MEN INTO THE GERMAN BARRACK HUT AND JOLTED THE GERMANS FROM THEIR SLEEP. THE MORE QUICK-WITTED OF THEM GRABBED FOR THEIR GUNS.



FIVE MINUTES LATER THE STARTLED NAZIS WERE BACK ON THEIR BEDS. BUT THIS TIME THEY WERE BOUND AND GAGGED... EXCEPT FOR ONE MAN WHO HAD OBVIOUSLY BEEN CELEBRATING TOO MUCH. SWIFTLY, THE RAIDERS CHANGED INTO THE ENEMY UNIFORMS.



## Storm Troop

MORRELL EXAMINED THE GUN. THE NAZIS WERE DETERMINED THAT IF THEY WERE FOILED IN THEIR TREAT, THE INVADERS ALLIED ARMIES WOULD FIND NOTHING OF VALUE. THE GUN WAS PREPARED FOR INSTANT SELF-DESTRUCTION.



UNDER THE WATCHFUL EYE OF MORRELL, THE TREMBLING ITALIAN SET THE FUSES FOR HALF AN HOUR AHEAD. THEY RETURNED TO THE SLEEPING QUARTERS WHERE MORRELL FOUND PROXIER RUNNING TRUE TO FORM - RIFLING THE BELONGINGS OF THE HALF-TURNED GERMAN.



HOLDING A GOLD WATCH IN HIS HAND, PRONKER SPRANG BACK  
GUILTY AS HE STUMPLED AS MORRELL  
THREATENED HIM WITH HIS FIST.

YOU'RE TOO HANDY WITH  
YOUR FINGERS, PHOGGER  
FOR TWO PINS TO . . .



BUT THE DRUNKEN GERMAN HAD  
SOBERED UP QUICKLY . . .

NEXT SECOND, THE NAZI SOLDIER  
WAS RACING OFF . . .

STOP HIM!



FOR A FEW SECONDS, THE GEARHEAD MEN WERE CONFUSED IN THE  
BLACKNESS OF THE NIGHT AFTER THE GLARING LIGHTS OF THE HUT.

THERE HE  
GOES . . . TO  
THE GUN  
HIT!



**Storm Troop**

WITH SHOTS RICOCHETING AROUND HIM, THE GERMAN REACHED FOR THE BUTTON.



INSTEAD OF THE EXPECTED EXPLOSION, THERE WAS ONLY THE HARSH BLARE OF AN ALARM KLAXON IN THE DEADLY QUIETNESS.



WITH EVERY MAN BRISTLING WITH ARMS AND AMMUNITION, MORRELL'S FORCE RACED OUT FROM THE GUN SITE IN COMMANDERED TRUCKS TEN MINUTES BEFORE THE ARRIVAL OF A HEAVILY-ARMED NAZI GROUP.

KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED, WITH LUCK THEY'LL BE INSIDE THE COMPOUND WHEN THAT LITTLE LOT GOES UP!



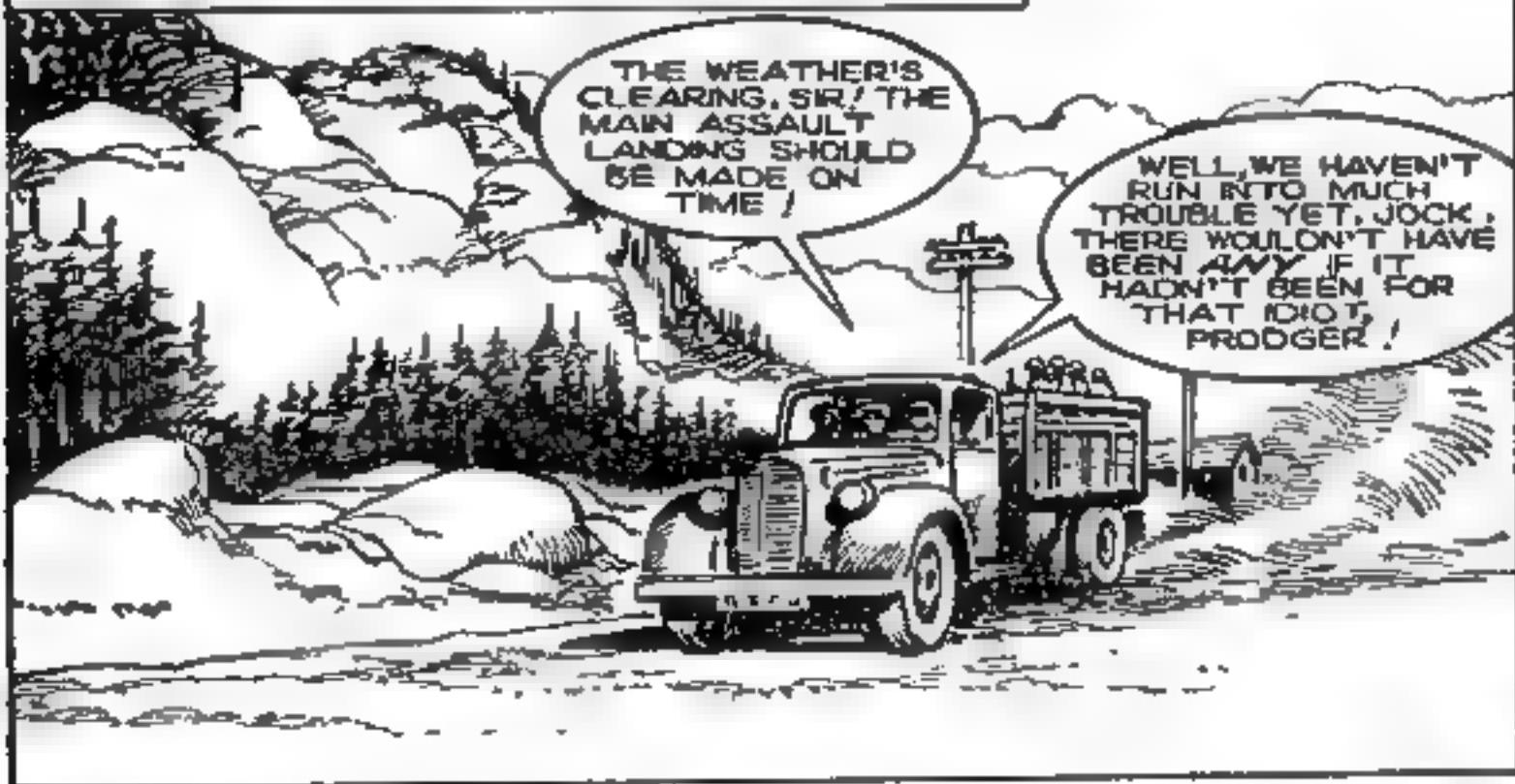
THE FIRST OF THE NAZI TRUCKS WAS CLOSE WHEN THE GERMAN GUN BLEW SKY-HIGH. MORRELL'S LUCK WAS HOLDING!

I'VE A FEELING THAT THE HUNT WILL BE ON NOW. JOCK! WE'LL NEED MORE THAN LUCK NEXT TIME!



# Chapter 4. The Yellow Streak

WITH THE SUN RISING HIGH IN THE SKY, THEY DROVE FAST INLAND TO THEIR SECOND OBJECTIVE.



BARELY ONE KILOMETRE FROM THEIR OBJECTIVE, A NAZI SENTRY CHALLENGED THEM.



# Storm Troop

THE GLINT OF THE SUN ON THE RISING GUN BARREL GAVE THE SECOND SENTRY A SPLIT SECOND WARNING. IT WAS LONG ENOUGH FOR HIM TO GIVE THE ALARM.



STILL SHOUTING DOWN THE MOUTHPIECE, THE NAZI WHEELED TO MAKE HIS LAST STAND.



PAUSING ONLY LONG ENOUGH TO PATCH UP THE WOUNDED MEN, THE UNIT DROVE ON ACROSS THE VIADUCT. THEY LEFT BEHIND TWO MORE OF THEIR RANKS WHO HAD FOUGHT THEIR LAST BATTLE.

UNLOAD AT THE FIRST BREAK IN THE MOUNTAIN WALL, DRIVER! WE CAN'T CHANCE OUR LUCK ON THE OPEN ROAD!



THEY PUSHED THE TRUCK OVER THE PRECIPITOUS SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN TRAIL. IT BOUNCED THREE TIMES BEFORE DISAPPEARING WITH A ROAR INTO THE DARK DEPTHS OF THE GORGE.

DOUBT IF ANYONE'LL EVER SPOT IT DOWN THERE, SIR.

RIGHT, GET MOVING! ONE HOUR'S SOLID SLOG OVER THE TOP BEFORE THE REAL WORK BEGINS!



STRETCHED FLAT ON THE DUSTY ROCK, MORRELL EXAMINED THE GUN SITE BELOW HIM.



THEY'VE GOT EVERYTHING LAID OUT TO FIGHT OFF AN ATTACK FROM THE SEA. THE LAST THING THEY'LL EXPECT IS A DEMOLITION PARTY IN NAZI UNIFORMS MARCHING IN FROM THE REAR!

YOU MAKE IT SOUND EASY, SIR!

UNFRIENDLY EYES WATCHED THEM AS THEY MARCHED ALONG THE PEBBLED ROAD THAT WOUND TO THE FIRST DEFENCE POST.



THE SENTRY WAS PUZZLED BY THE ARRIVAL OF THE UNIT. HE HAD NO ORDERS TO ADMIT SUCH A GROUP, BUT HE RAISED THE BARRIER TO LET THEM IN. THE COLUMN MARCHED ON INTO THE CAMP -- AND THE SENTRY RECEIVED AN UNPLEASANT SHOCK ...



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## Storm Troop

THE UNCONSCIOUS SENTRY WAS PUSHED INTO THE SCRUB AS THE COLUMN MARCHED ON UNFALTERINGLY TOWARDS THE FINAL GUARD POST.



THE Sentry's REACTIONS WERE FAST ~ BUT NOT AS FAST AS MORRELL'S! AS THE Sentry SIGHTED HIS RIFLE, MORRELL FIRED ...



BUT THE BURST OF FIRE HAD RAISED THE ALARM.  
THE DUTY OFFICER HURRIEDLY ORDERED HIS  
MEN TO ATTACK.

ACHTUNG!  
ENEMY ACTION!  
GUARD ALL EXITS!  
THEY MUST BE  
KILLED!



THE SPARHEAD RAIDERS SOON OVERCAME THE BEWILDERED OPPOSITION  
IN THE GUN PITS, AND TURNED TO BEAT BACK THE ADVANCING NAZIS

ALL THE EXPLOSIVE  
CHARGES AREN'T READY,  
JOCK! YOU'LL HAVE TO  
HOLD THE JERRIES OFF  
FOR TEN MINUTES!



WORKING FAST, MORRELL HAD THE EXPLOSIVES PREPARED IN HALF THE TIME. BUT BY THEN THE NAZIS, WHO HAUL SURROUNDED THEM, WERE CLOSING IN TIGHTLY ...

TAKE PRODGER AND FIRE THE CHARGES, JOCK. THEY'RE ON TEN SECOND FUSES. WE'LL GIVE YOU COVERING FIRE UNTIL YOU JOIN US!



THE SPEARHEAD MEN WERE WELL ON THEIR WAY WHEN A SHOUT FROM SERGEANT MACDONALD BROUGHT MORRELL TO A HALT ...

HOLD IT, SIR! I THINK PRODGER'S BEEN HIT!

WATCH YOURSELF, JOCK!



SERGEANT MACDONALD SENT A BURST OF HOT LEAD WHIZZING AT THE NAZIS, WHILE MORRELL LIFTED PRODGER TO A SITTING POSITION.

PRODGER'S NOT BEEN HIT, JOCK-- HE'S JUST SCARED STIFF. WE SHOULDN'T HAVE RISKED OUR NECKS!



QUIVERING WITH FEAR, THE CLUMSY PRIVATE WAS DRIVEN FIERCELY TOWARDS THE CLIFF FACE BY SERGEANT MACDONALD.

GET GOING, YOU GREAT LUMP OF JELLY!



TWO SECONDS LATER, THE CLATTER OF THE AUTOMATICS WAS LOST IN THE ROAR OF THE EXPLOSION AS THE GUNS BLEW SKY-HIGH.

THE JERKS MUST HAVE TAKEN THE FULL BLAST OF THAT! WE SHOULD GET CLEAR BEFORE THEY GET OVER IT



# 50 Storm Troop

IN THE STUNNED CHAOS THAT FOLLOWED THE EXPLOSION, THE SPEARHEAD UNIT MADE AN UNFLURRIED RETREAT DOWN THE CLIFF FACE .

GET MOVING, PRODGER! WE WON'T WAIT FOR YOU A SECOND TIME !

TWO DOWN,  
ONE TO GO ...  
BUT THE THIRD IS  
GOING TO BE  
TRICKY ...

AFTER A BRIEF REST FOR FOOD, MORRELL LED THEM THROUGH THE SCRUBLAND. THAT EVENING, THEY LOOKED DOWN AT THEIR FINAL OBJECTIVE .

THERE IT IS... THE BATTERY GUARDING SUPRINA BAY! THOSE GUNS MUST BE SILENCED BEFORE THE LANDING CRAFT ARRIVE IN SIX HOURS' TIME !



# Chapter 5. Overture to Invasion

MORRELL SENT OUT PATROLS. THEIR INFORMATION WAS DISTURBING...



# Storm Troop

THE COMMANDER OF "SPEARHEAD" WAS NOT ALONE WITH HIS PROBLEMS. NOT A MILE AWAY, HIS NAZI COUNTERPART HAD MORRELL IN MIND.



AN EXCITED LIEUTANT BURST THROUGH THE DOORWAY.

THEY ARE HERE, SIR... THE ENEMY STORM TROOP! WE HAVE DONE NOTHING AS YET, AS YOU ORDERED!

THEY MUST BE ALLOWED TO PENETRATE THROUGH OUR DEFENCE LINES. WE MUST TAKE SOME FOR QUESTIONING!

# Storm Troop

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IT WAS ALL TOO EASY, ALL TOO QUIET. MORRELL BEGAN TO FEEL UNEASY.

HALF AN HOUR AGO THE PLACE  
SWARMED WITH GUARDS. NOW  
THERE ISN'T A MAN TO BE  
SEEN! IS IT A TRAP?



AS THE LAST GERMAN-UNIFORMED COMMANDO PASSED BENEATH HIM,  
A NAZI SIGNALLER WAS QUIETLY MURMURING INTO HIS TRANSMITTER . . .



ENEMY STORM  
TRUCK HAS JUST  
PASSED . . .  
HEADING SOUTH  
WEST!

THE INFORMATION HE RECEIVED SEEMED TO SURPRISE THE COLONEL...

SO FEW OF THEM! AND THEY HAVE DONE SO MUCH DAMAGE!

WE HAVE THEM WELL PENNED IN NOW, MERR DIFFRIT! WE COULD ANNIHILATE THEM IN TEN MINUTES!



X MARKS THE SPOT FOR THE AMBUSH, LEUTNANT! THEY CANNOT HOPE TO FIGHT THEIR WAY OUT. WE WILL ASK THEM TO SURRENDER...



MORRIELL'S TAUT NERVES JUMPED WHEN A GUTTURAL VOICE SHOUTED FROM THE BLACKNESS OF THE NIGHT.

HALT, ENGLANDER! STORM TROOP! YOU ARE SURROUNDED. THERE IS NO ESCAPE, SO DROP YOUR WEAPONS AND COME QUIETLY!



# Storm Troop

TWO 88-MACHINE GUNS OF THE BREMHEAD GROUP BLAZED INTO THE OAKWOOD'S, BUT THE WELL DISPENDED NAZI RANKS LET THE BURST GO OVER THEIR HEADS.

THAT WAS A  
FOOLISH MOVE!  
WE DO NOT  
WANT TO KILL  
THEY, BUT IT  
WOULD BE  
EASY TO  
(DO SO)

THEY WANT US FOR  
OUR THINKING, SICK  
BEFORE THEY HAND  
US OVER TO THE  
GESTAPO!

TO ENHANCE THEIR WARNING, THE NAZIS FIRED A  
BURST FROM EACH LMG IN THEIR GUARDIAN FORTES

WHY DON'T  
WE DO WHAT  
THEY SAY...  
WE HAVEN'T  
A CHANCE!

TURN IT UP,  
PROKHER! IT'S BAD  
ENOUGH WITHOUT  
YOUR GRININ'!  
MORSE L'S THE  
GEEZER TO GET US  
OUT OF THIS!

FOR A LONG HOUR, THE GRIM BATTLE OF WITS CONTINUED. MORRELL PROBED AT EVERY CORNER, BUT ALWAYS WITHDREW AFTER FINDING THE STRENGTH OF THE ENEMY. THE GERMAN COLONEL STILL BELIEVED IN CAUTION ...



MORRELL HAD ALREADY SEEN THROUGH THE NAZI COMMANDER'S REASONING



MORDELL TOLD HIS MEN THE POSITION, AND  
SERGEANT MACDONALD OFFERED HIS SOLUTION

THERE'S ONLY ONE  
ANSWER... TO FIGHT!  
A SMALL PARTY TRYING  
TO BREAK OUT MIGHT  
LEAVE A LOOPOHOLE FOR  
THE MAIN GROUP.  
CAN WE HAVE A  
TRY, SIR?

THAT'S  
THE SPIRIT, SERGEANT!  
YOU ALL HEAR?  
WHAT THE JERRY  
CALLED US STORM  
TROOP! LET'S LIVE  
UP TO THAT  
NAME!



THE DESPERATE DETERMINATION OF THE FEW MEN WAS ENOUGH TO  
COMPEL THE NAZIS TO HIT BACK IN SHEER DEFENCE.

GET EVERY  
ONE OF THEM!

HUMMEL!  
THEY WILL NOT  
GIVE IN, THESE  
ENGLISH!



## Storm Troop

BUT THE OTHER NAZI CREWS DID NOT GIVE THEM TIME TO EXPLOIT THEIR BRIEF VICTORY. TWO MORE SPEARHEAD MEN DIED UNDER THE WITHERING CROSSFIRE . . .



WITH A SCARED LOOK AT THE FALLEN SERGEANT, PRODGER AND WATERS TUMBLED BACK TOWARDS THE MAIN GROUP

IN THE NOISE AND CONFUSION, MORRELL HAD TO SHAKE THE TRUTH OUT OF WATERS . . .



THE AUGH IN MURRELL'S EYES STILLED  
WATER'S PAIN. HE LED MURRELL TO  
WHERE THE SERGEANT WAS LYING.

"WE'RE TOO  
LATE HE'S DEAD,  
BUT HE WAS A  
BRAVE MAN--THE  
BRAVEST I'VE  
EVER KNOWN!"



MURRELL TURNED FROM THE BODY OF THE  
SERGEANT, TO FIND HIMSELF STARING  
INTO THE FACE OF PVT. XERXES

PULL YOURSELF  
TOGE THER, MAN!  
MACDONALD'S DEAD..  
AND HE LEFT THE WAY  
IF WE COULD HAVE WISHED  
TRYED TO HELP HIM.  
COMMAND'D OUT OF  
DANGER!



## Storm Troop

BUT PRODGER HAD REACHED THE END OF HIS ENDURANCE.  
HE COULD NO LONGER CONTROL HIS FEAR...



CRAZED WITH FEAR, HE RUSHED ON. GERMAN  
BULLETS SMASHED HOME, BUT NOTHING  
SEEMED TO STOP HIS FRENZIED RUSH.

HE IS MAD!  
HE IS HEADING  
STRAIGHT FOR  
THE MINEFIELD!



A FINAL BURST FROM A SCHMEISSER JERKED PHODGIR FORWARD HIS HEAVY FRAML THUDDED DOWN ON THE FIRST OF A HUNDRED MINES.



ACHTUNG!  
TAKE COVER.  
THE MINEFIELD!

SOME MILES AWAY ACROSS THE SEA, THOSE ON THE LANDING SHIP OF THE INVASION FLEET WATCHED THE CHAIN OF EXPLOSIVES LIGHTEN THE HOSTILE COAST . . .



LOOKS LIKE  
SOME BODY  
FORESTALLLED  
US, SIR!

COULD BE  
JERRY PULLING  
OUT HOPE SO FOR  
THE SAKE OF THOSE  
POOR INFANTRY  
BLOKES!

MORRILL STARED TRANFIGED AT THE RESULT OF THE MINEFIELD EXPLOSIONS. THE NAZIS HAD MINED THE APPROACHES ONLY TOO WELL. THE GUNS HAD BEEN BLOWN TO TWISTED SCRAP-METAL ...



SOON THE SEA WAS CHURNED BY BARGES AND LANDING CRAFT. BEHIND THEM, A DEMORALISED, SHAKEN ENEMY RETREATED TO THEIR INLAND DEFENCES ...

THEY MUST BE THE SPEARHEAD BOYS WE WERE TOLD TO LOOK OUT FOR. POOR BLOKES! THEY LOOK AS IF THEY'VE HAD A ROUGH PASSAGE!



THE BRIGADIER MET THEM AS THEY CLIMBED ABOARD THE DESTROYER.

YOU'VE DONE A FINE JOB, LIEUTENANT. YOUR SPEARHEAD UNIT WAS A BRILLIANT SUCCESS! YOU WON'T MEET ANY OPPOSITION IN THE FUTURE TO YOUR IDEA!

THANK YOU, SIR! WE LEARNED A LOT IN THOSE FEW HOURS...



THAT NIGHT, AS THE TUMULT OF THE BATTLE CONTINUED, PRIVATE WATERS APPROACHED MORRELL.

ABOUT SERGEANT MACDONALD, SIR... I'M SORRY ABOUT HIM! HE WAS A GOOD BLOKE!

THANK YOU, WATERS. I'M SORRY ABOUT THEM ALL... EVEN PRODGER!





Printed in England by Messrs. Percy Brothers Ltd., Manchester 1, and published each month by Fleetway Publications Ltd., Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Advertisement Offices: Tallis House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.4. Sole Agents: Australasia, Messrs. Gordon & Gotch Ltd. South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd. Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, Messrs. Kingstons Ltd. **WAA PICTURE LIBRARY** is sold subject to the following conditions, that it shall not, without the written consent of the Publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price as shown on the cover; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition, or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

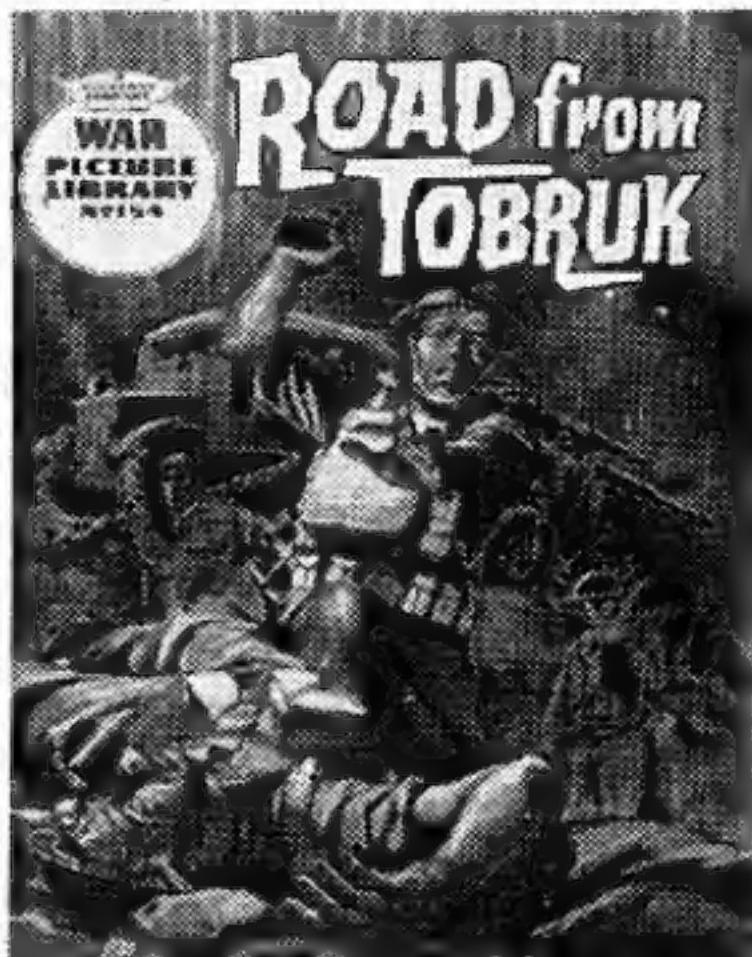
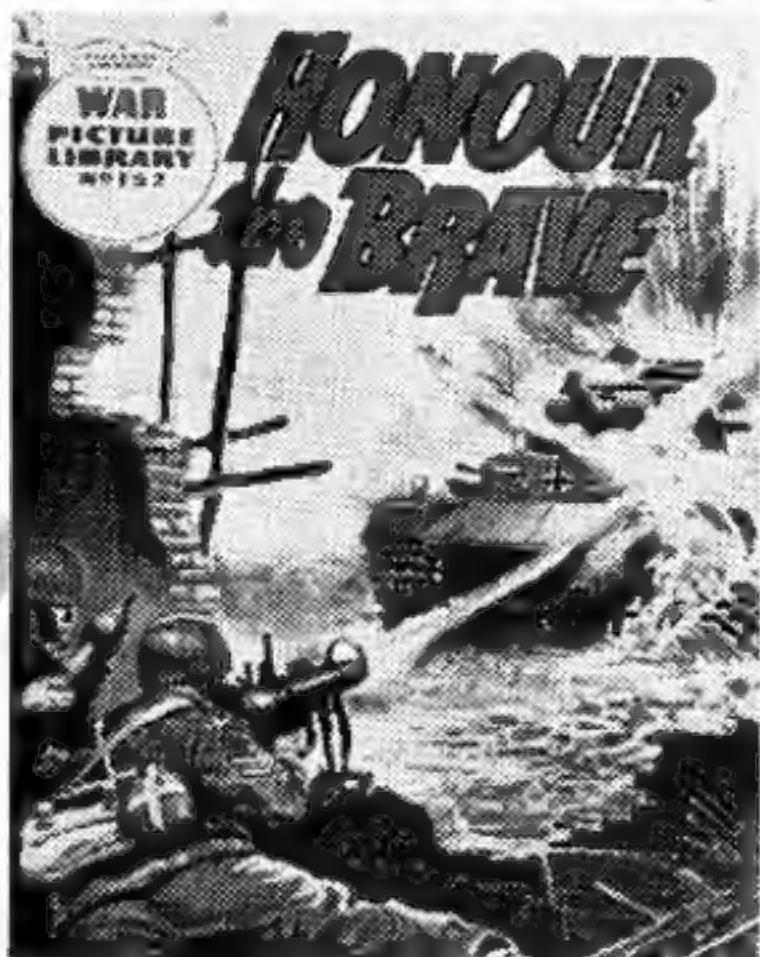
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